

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER

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PASSING

"What ship is this comes sailing
Across the harbor bar,
So strange yet half familiar,
With treasure from afar?
O comrades, shout! Good bells, ring out!
Peal loud your merry din!
Oh, joy—at last, across the bay
My ship comes sailing in!"

(Men said in low whispers
"It is the passing-bell;
At last his toil is ended."
They prayed "God rest him well.")

"Ho, Captain, my Captain,
What store have you on board?"
"A treasure far richer
Than gems or golden hoard:—
The broken promise welded firm,
The long forgotten kiss,
The love more worth than all on earth—
All joys life seemed to miss."

(The watchers sighed softly:
"It is the death-change.
What vision blest has given
That rapture deep and strange?")

"O Captain, dear Captain,
What are the forms I see
On deck there beside you?
They smile and beckon me,
And soft voices call me—
Those voices sure I know, . . ."
"All friends are here whom you held dear
In the sweet long ago."

("The death-smile," they murmured;
"It is so passing sweet
We scarce have heart to hide it
Beneath the winding sheet.")

"O Captain, I know you!
Are you not Christ the Lord?
With light heart and joyous
I hasten now on board.
Set sail, set sail! Before the gale
Our voyage will soon be o'er;
Tonight we'll cast our anchor fast
Beside the heavenly shore."

(Men sighed "Lay him gently
Beneath the heavy sod."
The soul afar beyond the bar
Went sailing on, to God.)

THE HARVEST SECRET

WHAT is a harvest season? It is death—but a
fruition. It is stripped trees, but barrelled
apples; stubble in the field, but wheat at the mill;
out of doors a naked world, the summer things
all gone, empty nests clinging to the boughs,
brown leaves swinging their last hour in the
wind or rustling crisply under foot; and, indoors,
thanksgiving season for the population saved
again and for glad homes nestling closer.

The dying of our leaves was predetermined
long ago, as all deaths are, in the very constitu-
tion of their frames. The earthy minerals that
mingle in the sap and climb the tree, unable to
evaporate, have to halt up in the treetop; there
they pack the leaf cells, until these lose their power
to vitalize the sap. But, by the time this hap-
pens, it is October and the fruit is made; and the
leaves, their first use over, are nearly ready for a
second—to play the part of little carriers, and
bear their pack of minerals back into the ground.
Almost as soon as they appeared in spring this
moment was foreseen and preparation made for
it. Where the leaf stalk joins the twig, a ring of

thick cells began to grow across from outside inward and bar the entrance of the sap, sealing beforehand what else would have been a wound upon the twig, and at last leaving the leaf so loosely held that the pat of any wandering breeze will push it off. Presently the fateful breeze arrives; and the leaves, faithful unto death, go where the good leaves go.

Fruition and a death. . . . That does not mean success becoming failure. The dying is part of the success. "We have not been destroyed," the leaves say. "We have been fulfilled in the fruit that we have made; in it we have eternal life." They tell the truth. It is *their* fruit. It is the leaves that have made the fruit; and fruit, the culmination of the plant, is the germ of their continued life.

For "fruit" is but ripened seed, or the seed-vessels with the parts immediately connected. We call it wheat or barley or chestnut if the sheath be hard; grapes, blueberries, orange, melon, if the sheath be soft and fleshy. If the outside of the sheath be soft while the inner side is stony, then it is the cherry or the peach. If the coat is a stringy membrane, then we have beanpods. If a number of seeds cluster together around a pulpy base, they make our strawberries and blackberries. But always, whatever form or name it takes, fruit is ripened seed. And the whole summer's labor of the leaves has been to make that seed.

Leaves act like air-fed mouths for the tree, like the skin to evaporate its water, perhaps as heart, to help pump up the sap from down below; but their grand function has been to act as the tree's stomach and assimilate its food. When the sap from mother earth reaches the treetop and has the sunlight fall upon it there, the wonder happens—Nature's perpetual miracle of Cana—by which the crude liquid is organized into a subtler fluid. At the touch of the sun-tides, the earthy sap decomposes and rearranges its atoms; the mineral becomes plant; the unborn becomes alive. And then the sap, thus vitalized, descends the tree to become a hundred different things. . . . Most of all, the life substance concentrates in the seed. Its atoms are the tree's whole past, the germ of all its future.

It is October, and again the deed is done. The ripened seed-vessels hold the hope of the world. In these the next spring's resurrection, next summer's glory, next autumn's gold and red, lie already in embryo. And everything is safe. Fear not, O lands! Be not afraid, O fields!

And our harvest secret is as true of life experience. The trials, the disappointments, the sorrows, the temptations that were hardly put under foot—these are leaves which the seasons bring and the seasons take away. To no purpose? Nay, they give us our strength of spiritual fibre, our wiser philosophy of life, the quiet

cheer in the heart, our increasing helpfulness. In us all, and all through life, the secret of the harvest is the same. "Herein is the Father glorified, that we bear much fruit." The courses of life is a thousand trifles and then some crisis; and again a thousand trifles and a crisis; nothing but green leaves under common sun and shadow, and then a storm or a rare June day. And far more than the storm or the perfect day, the common sun and common shadow do to make the autumn rich. It is the "everydays" that count. Thought and feeling must become action, and action habit, and habit turn to principles and character. And if, for some of us, action cannot mean doing, then remember that bearing too is action, often its hardest part. Action is too thought and feeling what the leaf is to the crude sap; then of action habit is the blossom; and of habit character is the fruit. Character is the concentrated result of life, its organized deposit, its harvest in us, and the seed of after-life.

Are we leafing yet? Are we only leafing? Or are we so leafing that life's autumn shall find us rich in pleasant fruit? Are we ripening seed?—*W. C. Gannett in A Year of Miracle.*

SOME OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

Oct. 12, 1492, after Christopher Columbus had been sailing for ten long weeks westward from the coast of Spain, he reached one of the Bahama islands off the coast of Florida. This gave to Europeans the first knowledge of lands at the west of the broad Atlantic; for, though Columbus himself supposed at the time that the land was part of Asia, the actual facts soon became established. In most of our States the date of Columbus' landing is celebrated as a legal holiday. Each place in the United States now called Columbus or Columbia (there are more than sixty such) is an all-the-year-round reminder of that gallant explorer who led the way to a knowledge of this enormous continent, with all its rich material resources and all its opportunities for the best kind of life.

Oct. 15, seventy years before the birth of Christ and the beginning of our Christian reckoning of dates (1992 years ago), was the birthday of an Italian boy named Vergil. He became a famous poet, writing in the Latin language, and living at Rome, where he was a favorite of the powerful Caesar or Emperor Augustus—the same Augustus who is mentioned in our familiar Christmas story, the second chapter of Luke.

Vergil had a great love for the country and knew a good deal about farm life and work. Certain poems of his tell of farm methods used then in Italy. The best known of all his works is the *Aeneid*,*—a story of the adventures of a Tro-

* Pronounced: *E-neē-id*.

jan prince who sailed over three thousand years ago from the shore of Asia Minor to Italy, and whose voyage led to the founding of the city of Rome. (An outline of the story is printed in this number of our paper.) The *Aeneid* was immensely popular in Vergil's own time and has been so ever since. Of course there were no such things as printed books nineteen centuries ago, but the written poem was copied by hand again and again; professional story-tellers used to learn parts of the long tale by heart. Every year now, in America and England and in most countries with good systems of education, boys and girls in high schools learn to read in Vergil's own Latin words that famous story of adventure and romance.

A FREIGHT RAILWAY THROUGH THE AIR

THE AUGUST number of *Popular Mechanics* tells of a wonderful aerial tramway which connects a gold mine in western Canada with the nearest seaport, eleven miles away. The mine is far north—about nine hundred miles farther north than Chicago. The region is mountainous. There are heavy rains during the short summer and deep snows through the long winter. Those together make it impracticable to construct and maintain good roads for hauling the heavy loads that have to go both ways—mining machinery going up and ore coming down.

Popular Mechanics says:—"The cables are supported on 153 towers. The running cable is made of plow-steel, five eighths of an inch in diameter; it is in one piece, $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. It hauls 125 buckets, each of which carries about 800 pounds of ore, and is operated by a 50 horse power electric motor. The normal running-speed is about 500 feet per minute.

The ore bunkers at the mine have a capacity of 200 tons, and discharge through a chute directly into the buckets. At the other end of the line the bunkers hold 1500 tons, and the buckets discharge directly into them. Delivery from these bunkers into ships and barges is effected through a chute and by means of belt-conveyors.

The installation of the line cost a quarter of a million dollars, and, it is said, will easily pay for itself in one year, because of the great increase in capacity for shipping away ore. The mine itself and about one third the length of the line are in British Columbia; then the line crosses the international boundary, going the rest of the way over a strip of mountainous ground in the southernmost part of Alaska."

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

Busy fathers and mothers will appreciate the English author's attempt to write a poem, with the subject of the poem before his eyes, continually getting into mischief.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear),
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck,
With antic toys so funnily be-stuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire,—
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy,
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents. . . . (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth,
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(The dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human honey-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's elysium, ever sunny—
(Another tumble! that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope,
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove,
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Thou enviable being,
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky fore-seeing—

Play on, play on,
My elfin John;
Toss the light ball; bestride the stick;
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk—
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the South
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,

(I tell you what, my love—

I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

—Thomas Hood.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmont Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICE

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things or benefited by the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink, not simply with a pencil.

OFFERS

For any of the following books, apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, New Jersey:

The Sketch Book, by Irving.
Songs of Favorite Flowers, by Gilman.
Cecil Dreeme, by Winthrop.
One Hundred Days in Europe, by Holmes.
John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and Other People, by Johnson.
The Boys' King Arthur, by Lanier.
Jack Hardy, by Strang.
Elizabeth Visits America, by Glyn.
Chronicles of Count Antonio, by Hope.
Wanted: a Chaperone, by Ford.
Bitter Sweet, by Holland.
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, by Wiggin.
Chandos, by "Ouida."
Other People's Children, by Habberton.
Haworth's, by Burnett.
The Mettle of the Pasture, by Allen.
Rhyme and Reason, by Dulcken.
Random Reflections of a Grandmother, by Sturgis.
A New England Girlhood, by Larcom.
Vanity Fair, by Thackeray.

The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu, by Rohmer.
In Red and Gold, by Merwin.
Kindred of the Dust, by Kyne.
How to Live: rules for healthful living based on modern science, by Fisher.
The Prodigal Judge, by Kester.
A Master of Craft, by Jacobs.
Ben Hur: a tale of the Christ, by Wallace.
My Unknown Chum, by "Aguecheek."
The Syrian Christ, by Rihbany.
The Red Planet, by Locke.
The Three Eyes, by Leblanc.
Further Adventures of Jimmie Dale, by Packard.
The Purple Pearl, by Pryde and Weeks.
God's Country and the Woman, by Curwood.
Anderson Crowe, Detective, by McCutcheon.
Catherine's Child, by De la Pasture.
John Bull and His Island, by O'Rell.
Into the Highways and Hedges, by Montrésor.
The Mill Mystery, by Green.
The Courting of Dinah Shadd, by Kipling.
Cross Currents, by Dickens (Mary Angela).
Aspasia (2 vols.), by Hamerling.
The Passing of the Third Floor Back, (drama: 8 copies), by Jerome.
One Fair Daughter, by Moore.
The Lone Wolf, by Vance.
Captain Macedoine's Daughter, by McFee.
The Amazing Interlude, by Rinehart.
The After House, by Rinehart.
The Heart of Unaga, by Cullum.
William, an Englishman, by Hamilton.
The Middle Temple Murder, by Fletcher.
Uarda, by Ebers.
Pride and Prejudice, by Austen.
Vanishing Roads, and other essays, by Le Gallienne.
The Sunken Bell: a fairy play (English translation), by Hauptmann.
John Burroughs: in remembrance, (eulogy, poems, by various persons, and two portraits).
Rise of the People and Growth of the People, by Rowley.
Politics: an Introduction to the study of Comparative Constitutional Law, by Cranmer and Moses.
The Whole French Language, by Robertson.
Method for Study of the French Language (part 2), by Duffet.
The True Philosopher: and other cat tales, by Bacon.
Nancy Lee's Lookout, by Warde.
Two Little Women on a Holiday, by Wells.
Two Little Women and Treasure House, by Wells.
Alma at Hadley Hall, by Breitenbach.
Alma's Sophomore Year, by Breitenbach.
Alma's Junior Year, by Breitenbach.
Alma's Senior Year, by Breitenbach.
Five Little Peppers: Ben Pepper, by Sidney.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Sallie M. Threadgill, Ansonville, North Carolina, has been in poor health all the year. She will appreciate reading, and pieces for quilts.

2. Mrs. A. M. Taylor, Amherst, Virginia, Route 2, Box 73, misses the friendly letters which were a great pleasure for her. She will be grateful for crochet cotton and scraps of silk.

3. Mrs. Flossie P. Schools, Newtown, Virginia, will appreciate good books, and magazines like the *Literary Digest* and *Pictorial Review*.

4. Margaret L. Bussell, Shawanee, Tennessee, writes to thank the friends who have sent her cards, a pretty scrap book, and reading matter. She would be glad to receive more.

5. The *Saturday Evening Post* is asked for by Annie Marshburn, Warsaw, North Carolina, Box 86.

6. Miss Sarah J. Traywick, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 4, is very lonely; she asks for light reading and for quilt pieces.

7. Mrs. W. S. Thomas, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 2, asks for a Bible in large print.

8. The *Cheerful Letter* is asked for by Mrs. Ralph Griswold, Gilreath, North Carolina.

9. Mrs. Kate E. Gilley, Spencer, Virginia, Route 3, will appreciate good reading.

10. Mrs. Georgie Bryant, Elamsville, Virginia, a young widow with two little children, is alone much of the time; she will be glad of reading matter and scraps for quilts.

11. I want to thank all who sent me literature last year for my school work. It was very helpful to both pupils and teacher. I am to teach primary grades again this year, and will be very glad to receive any magazines, books or pictures that I could use in my work. A book of short stories would be especially welcome, as the little pupils enjoy hearing me read. (Miss) Nora Carlton, Boomer, North Carolina.

12. I wish some kind friend would send me a students' Bible, the *Youth's Companion*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Woman's Home Companion*. I would also greatly appreciate picture books and story books, including simple Bible stories, for my little boy, four years old. (Mrs.) W. B. Flake, Hawkinsville, Georgia, Box 421.

13. I am a schoolgirl, fifteen years old and would appreciate any reading. I am especially fond of standard novels, and would be glad if someone could send me the *Cheerful Letter* each month. I would like to correspond with some of the friends near my age. Bernice Yaw, Stuart, Virginia, Route 1, Box 17.

14. I am a very old lady of seventy. My health has been failing for ten years; I have heart trouble and am not able to do much work. I have my little grandson, ten years old, to stay with me. I would appreciate picture books and good reading for him, and would be glad to receive some quilt scraps. (Mrs.) Martha Threadgill, Ansonville, North Carolina.

15. I am married, and have three little children; the oldest is a girl of five years and the baby is fourteen months. My husband and myself are trying to work and pay for a home. I would appreciate picture books and cards for the children, and scraps of any kind for patchwork. I will also speak of my little crippled sister; she is thirteen years old, has never talked, can't walk or do anything. She is a lover of dolls and anything to play with. (Mrs.) Dollie Turner, Elamsville, Virginia.

16. I greatly desire to become a member of the Book Club. I live on a farm and am the mother of five small children; would be thankful for reading matter of any kind, especially a Bible. (Mrs.) E. B. Coffey, Alto, Virginia.

17. Thank you for your kind remembrance. Some of the friends I answered, but I lost some addresses, and I do want to thank everybody who has sent me reading. (Mrs.) Caroline Wall, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 47.

18. I teach a day school in the winter and a Sunday school in the summer. The children are not well supplied with textbooks; they have no supplementary readers at all. There are several "Mission" schools in the country, but none very near. Those prove a great blessing to the children within reach and to those who can board away from home. I try to make my schools "feeders" of better ones, and I encourage the larger pupils to go on where they will be better instructed and better trained. I shall be very grateful for any help in the way of readers and story books for the children. (Miss) Patty Ross, Elamsville, Virginia, Box 24.

Every noble act of devotion to truth, every pure life unstained with evil, every word of pity, every instance of forgiving goodness, helps us to a better faith in that divine and eternal goodness which has no variableness or shadow of turning.

—James Freeman Clarke

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted not with forests but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

—Henry Ward Beecher

JUST FOR FUN

JOHN WESLEY, walking in Bath, came face to face with Beau Nash. The path was narrow, and one or the other would have to give way. The fashionable Master of Ceremonies looked the Methodist up and down and said, "I never make way for fools!" John Wesley promptly stepped aside and retorted, "Oh, I always do!"

The small boy who wrote the following letter was so eager to express his gratitude that he did not notice just what his letter seems to include under benefits received:—

"Dear Uncle Thad,—I received the knife you sent me: it is just beautiful. I cut myself with it five times since I got it. I thank you ever and ever so much for the knife. Your affectionate nephew, *Ted.*"

Two women traveling in the same passenger coach could not agree about the window, and finally appealed to the brakeman. "If that window remains open, I shall catch my death of cold," objected one, to which the other promptly replied, "If it is closed, I shall smother to death." The brakeman scratched his head in perplexity, until an old gentleman sitting near by proposed, "Open the window until one freezes to death, and then close it until the other smothers to death, and then the rest of us can finish our journey in peace."—*New York Times.*

One broiling August day an aged colored man who was pushing a barrow of bricks paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, looking toward the sun, he apostrophized it thus: "Fo' the land's sake, war wuz yuh last Jan-oary?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A London train was waiting in a dim station at the end of a dull afternoon. A nearsighted woman hurried down the aisle, peering at the passengers, and at last, as she dropped into a seat beside another woman, exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "Oh, it's you!" "Certainly not!" snapped a startled stranger, turning. Whereupon the mistaken traveller hastily apologized. "I beg your pardon—but it's so dark in here I was quite sure you were."

One of the German Grand Dukes said to Ambassador Gerard, when he was still in the Embassy at Berlin: "Germany will win the war, Mr. Gerard, with perseverance; for, as you know, perseverance always conquers." "Always?" asked Mr. Gerard, "How about the hen on the china egg?"

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

I'VE sort of lived round among my folks for two years now. They've all used me fine, but Martha Lou is the one I take the most comfort with. I had n't been to Martha Lou's more than a week before I discovered that everyone it, in the family was amazingly happy.

When I complained about the weather everybody looked surprised—they all seemed to like

Martha Lou sang when she worked, and all the children joined in and helped with the singing and the work.

Martha Lou was glad when the sun shone right on the table at breakfast time and when it lighted up the same table in the afternoon. And I declare I never did know such pleasant, jolly meals as we had.

Nothing could happen in the church or the school or the neighborhood unless Martha Lou's family was all in it. And Martha Lou mended and made over and dyed and bargained, and everybody remarked how nice they always looked.

I never knew anyone to have more friends than Martha Lou. And she makes 'em all welcome and rejoices or sympathizes, advises or stimulates, as the case requires.

"I declare, I don't understand it," I told her finally.

"Well," she said, "when Fred and I were married we did n't have very promising prospects, so I determined one thing we should have anyway and that was happiness. 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine' you know. We've been happy. And the children are happy—nothing can take away their happy childhood as long as memory lasts."

"How did you do it?" I asked her.

"Why, we just laughed and sang and planned little surprises, and did n't take notice of every little thing that was n't pleasant."

Simple enough—come to think of it! And the first thing I knew, I had caught their ways. You know mother and I had lived alone so long, we'd got kind of fussy and particular, and worried a lot over everything we saw or heard of. But now, when I stay with my namesake Julia and hear the everlasting worrying about clothes, or go to John's and hear hard times talked continually, or stay with the solemn folks at Laura's or try to keep out of the way of Nancy's broom and dust-cloth, I can't help wondering: what's it all about, anyway? What's the use of fussing? Why can't they all be happy as they are at Martha Lou's?

It is n't that Martha Lou doesn't have just as many annoyances. She puts on her made-over dress with her smiling face above it, and looks so sweet that people say to me "Martha Lou always looks so charming!"

Martha Lou can count just as many troubles in her life as any of the rest can; yet everybody in her family, right down to the cat, is happy. Visiting 'round has set me thinking. What's the use of spoiling your own day and everybody else's by holding up all the unpleasant things you can find?

—“*Aunt Julia*” in the *Youth's Companion*.

THE ADVENTURES OF AENEAS *

ONCE upon a time there was a long war between the Greek people and the Trojans. The royal city of Troy was in the country which we now call Asiatic Turkey. After a bitter struggle the Trojans were defeated, their king was slain, and many of the noblest men of the captured city were carried away into slavery. Aeneas, a son of the king of Troy, escaped with a little band of faithful followers. They found boats and sailed away in search of a new home.

Landings were made, first on one island, then on another in the blue Aegean sea; but no truly promising place could easily be found. At one island, where wild cattle fed on the grass, the wanderers killed some of the beasts, built a fire, and began to roast the meat; for they had scanty provision and were desperately hungry. But a strange thing happened—dreadful monsters called harpies, with heads like angry women and bodies and claws like huge, unclean birds, came flying over the camp and snatched the meat off the fires. One of the harpies taunted the Trojan men with their misfortunes, declaring that, before their wanderings should end, they would be so famished as to eat not only food but the very tables on which it lay! And the homeless band had to take to the boats for safety, as hungry as when they first landed.

The boats sailed farther and farther westward till they were alongside the shore of Sicily. There Aeneas almost made a landing, but he learned, just in time, that the country belonged to the Cyclopes, a race of ugly, one-eyed giants. The chief of the giants had had his only eye put out by some Greek sailors a short time before, and he was in the worst of tempers. He could see nothing, but he heard the plash of the Trojan oars, and came wading out into the sea, roaring with anger. The oarsmen were strong and steady, and the boats all got safely out of reach; but, looking back, Aeneas could see that the rest of the Cyclopes, aroused by the noise of the shouting, had come hurrying to the shore; where they stood, as tall as a row of the mightiest pines in an old, old forest.

Juno, one of the goddesses, who had a grudge against the people of Troy, went now to Aeolus, the master of the winds of the air, and begged him to stir up a tempest and to wreck the vessels. Aeolus consented; he let out some of his strongest winds, and they made a terrific gale. The waves ran so high that Aeneas and all his people came near being drowned. But Neptune, the god of the sea, hearing the commotion, came up from the watery depths to learn what could be the matter. He was angry that Juno and Aeolus should interfere in his own realm; he gave the winds a scolding and sent them home; he soothed the excited waves and got them quiet. And, thanks to Neptune, the ships reached the northern coast of Africa, a land ruled by beautiful Queen Dido.

The queen received Aeneas and his companions most kindly. “I have known trouble myself,” she said, “and have learned to help those in trouble.” She made a splendid feast in honor of the Trojan prince, and he told her about the many perils he had met. She felt sure that he was destined to some work of great worth, and she hoped he might stay with her at Carthage, helping to rule that kingdom and leading it into new prosperity. But Aeneas himself had a strong feeling that his destined home lay still far ahead; so, after a long visit, he sailed again, this time taking a northward course, across the Mediterranean sea, towards Italy. Near where Vesuvius, the wonderful volcano, smokes like a magic chimney, he found the entrance to a strange Under-World; and there he learned many marvelous things about what his own descendants would achieve in the distant future.

Last of all, the party landed on the Italian shore by the mouth of the Tiber river. They killed some game and cooked it over a camp-fire; then the meat was served on remnants of hard, dry bread, the last of their stores. As they were finishing the meal with appetites still sharp, eating the crusts, a boy suddenly exclaimed, “See! we really are eating our tables, as the harpy said we should!”

Then Aeneas felt certain that their long voyage was over, and that they had reached their destined land. They settled there. Aeneas married the daughter of a native chief, and became the powerful leader of the whole people; and, in time, his children's children built the city of Rome—the city that became mistress of all the world known to civilized men.

The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

—James Russell Lowell

* See notes about Vergil under October Anniversaries. The hero's name is pronounced: *E-neé-as*.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters, and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.* Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc., also letters offering to give books, magazines, etc., should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.*

See special suggestions directly under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.*

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.*

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.*

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and eighteen libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.